

A LITTLE popinjay, who would demonstrate the eternal fitness of things better in the employ of the city scavenger, but who ekes out a miserable existence by publishing a so-called *Knights of Honor Journal* at Cincinnati, makes a puny attempt to annihilate us because we said in a recent issue that it costs \$50 a year to belong to that organization. Our statement is true as to certain ages, 50 and over, but that it does not cost a younger person that much, we have since given columns of our paper to prove. The I. p. imagined, however, that he must do something to retain his hold on the few gullible *Knights* who support him, hence his article which proves nothing beyond the fact that he has no right to membership in an organization which is presumably composed of gentlemen and ought to be kicked out.

This Legislature is tinkering with about the only good law passed during the session of '79 and '80, that which gives the Commonwealth the right to produce counterproof in an application for a change of venue in criminal cases. Strange that the idiots can not get well enough alone and attend to the important business that they have so far neglected. The change of venue business is in nine cases out of ten, nothing more than an effort at delay, and it is nothing but fair that both sides be heard on the question. The law as it stands can not operate against a prisoner, if there are real grounds to believe that he can not get a fair trial in the county in which he has committed the crime, for in this as well as in all other cases, he gets the benefit of the doubt.

MR. DAN. E. O'SULLIVAN, who has for the last year made the "Commonwealth" and "All Over the South" items in the *Courier-Journal*, so spicy and entertaining, has been promoted to the position of dramatic critic and amusement editor of the same paper, and is succeeded by Mr. W. J. Lampton formerly of an Ashland (Ky.) paper, but lately of that witty sheet, the *Steuvenville (O.) Herald*. Since his debut into the newspaper business, Mr. O'Sullivan's new paper has been forward and upward, and his friends expect to see him in a few years, ranking with the leading men of his day in his chosen profession. The Kentucky press will cordially welcome Mr. Lampton back to old Kaintuck.

A BILL before the National House with a fair prospect of passing, which will be hailed with delight by the farmers. It is to allow them to sell without license the tobacco grown by them, by retail or otherwise. As the law now stands, a tobacco raiser cannot sell his neighbor even so much as a "hand" of the weed without subjecting him both to a fine and imprisonment under the revenue laws, and in many cases persons ignorant of the law, have suffered unreasonably. A farmer should be able to sell anything he produces in any way and at any time that he may see fit, and all laws preventing him are hardships that ought not to be tolerated.

THAT rascally attempt of the republicans to delegate the tariff questions to a Commission selected by the president from interested civilians, has received a set back in the House, and it is not likely that it will come up again during the present session. It was called up Tuesday, but on account of the claim that it was not a bill to raise revenue, it was set behind 335 bills, it not being entitled to special privileges.

A RESOLUTION has been offered in the Senate to allow the people to elect their own Postmasters, Internal Revenue officers, U. S. Marshals, &c. The law would be a good one, but it will never pass in a Congress that has a republican majority. They would never consent to anything that would serve to make the power less central at Washington. It would be their death knell if they did.

THE Senate has passed the House bill repealing the test oath, which required members of the Legislature to swear that they had not used money, whisky or any other illegal means to secure their election. This is eminently proper, since nearly every officer that took the oath perjured himself, and yet not a single one of them has been prosecuted for it.

CONKLING says he has a \$50,000 cash fee in a Mineral water suit and of course he would not accept a little judgeship at \$10,000 a year. The position has been since tendered to Senator Edmunds, who declined the honor, and now it is said that the President is sitting up at night thinking who to appoint next.

Gov. BLACKBURN has grown tired of his every day business of remitting fines assessed against gamblers and gambling houses, and wants the legislature to relieve him to some extent by passing an act to license the nefarious business.

LEGISLATIVE.

—The Senate rejected the House bill to repeal the act making New Year's day a legal holiday.

—Senator Fogle is making an effort in his branch of the Legislature to repeal the tax for the A. and M. College at Lexington.

—The bill to make insanity a ground for divorce was reported by the Senate Judiciary Committee with opinion that it ought not to pass.

—The Legislature was not in session Tuesday, because of the death of Senator Wilkinson. Two members of the body have died since the session began.

—Senator Wilkinson, whose illness was noticed in our last issue, died Tuesday. He was a lawyer and editor, and stood high with the members of each profession.

—As the idea of March advance the House's beginning to feel the importance of hurrying up matters, and has passed a resolution to hold evening sessions two days in the week.

—The Senate adopted 23 sections of the School bill, and on motion of Mr. Blain, amended the 15th by inserting "one of the Trustees shall visit the school at least once a month." There are still many more sections of the bill.

—The sum of \$4,155 was paid by the Auditor last year for pro tem. Commonwealth's attorneys, and the House has requested that gentlemen to show cause why he did not deduct the amount from the salaries of the regular Commonwealth's attorney.

—The Cobblers at Frankfort are wasting time on presenting bills to provide for liens on sewing machines, to prevent railroads from discriminating between a person who buys a ticket and one who does not, &c, instead of attending to the important business which they were elected.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Henry C. Pindell, an able member of the Louisville bar, died Wednesday.

—Sweet & Co.'s banking house, Boston, has failed with liabilities of \$2,876,111.

—The rainfall at Memphis so far this year is 27 inches, fully $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual annual average.

—The House Committee will report favorably the bill to make Washington Territory a State.

—Lewis C. Oldham, of Richmond, was killed by the cars on the K. C. R. R. near Bryant's Station.

—David Navarro, the 21-year-old show boy weighing 730 pounds, died in the Pittsburgh post-office of smallpox.

—In the course of a lecture in Chicago on "The Moral Use of Luxury and Beauty," Henry Ward Beecher fainted and had to retire.

—Beck's bill to punish unlawful certification of checks by officers of National Banks has been favorably reported back to the Senate.

—The floods have rendered destitute, 45,000 people in Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi, who send up a powerful appeal for aid.

—April 9th is the 200th anniversary of the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi by La Salle, and the occasion will be duly celebrated at New Orleans.

—The Rev. E. B. Head, Jr., has been ordered down and out and Thomas M. Cardwell will hereafter preside over the postoffice affairs of Harrodsburg.

—The Virginia repudiating Legislature has decided to gerrymander the State so as to give the districts to repudiating Congressmen and send the honest men to the rear.

—Bob Seaver, who attempted to commit a rape on a sixteen-year-old girl as she was going to school, was taken from the officers at Frankfort, Ky., and lynched Monday night.

—Farter, for County Judge, May for Clerk, Shadon for Attorney, and Silvers for Jailor, is the republican ticket nominated by the primary election in Pulaski, a few days ago.

—A syndicate has been formed in New York, to build a road from Louisville to Nicholasville, on the C. & R. R. Dr. Standford and Fred Wolfe, of the latter road had the enterprise.

—In committee of the whole in the United States Senate Wednesday, Ingalls' amendment to the Chinese bill, fixing ten years as the limit of suspension of immigration, was defeated by a tie vote.

—Lieut. Danenhower says of the thirty-three men who sailed on the ill-fated *Jeanette* only fifteen are known to be living. After deserting the boats the survivors walked 700 miles over ice and snow.

—In the New York stock market, Wednesday, \$67,810 shares of railroad stocks were sold, and there were important declines in prices, but no failures were reported, and no great excitement prevailed. L. & N. went down five points, stopping at 67.

—A woman named Mary Herman, of Jeffersonville, Ind., resolved 56 days ago that she would never eat again and she has not, although every effort to induce her has been resorted to. She is very weak and can hold out but a short time longer before death will come to her relief.

—At Austin, Miss, between Memphis and Helena, the river had cut through the town, destroying the principal buildings. Among the number the Masonic Temple. The Centennial Block, a large brick building, is almost demolished, the water being twenty-five feet deep all around it. Several stores and dwellings were washed away and carried a distance of half a mile.

—A new sensation connected with Guiteau is regarding a young woman signing herself Clara Augusta Davis, Hoboken, New Jersey, who wrote a thirteen-page letter to Guiteau, in which she assured him of her devotion to his interest, and announced her intention of getting him out of jail, if money could accomplish it. It is thought that the woman was merely after an autograph letter from Guiteau, which she would be able to sell high after he is hung.

—Another dangerous flood in the Cumberland River is anticipated. The rain-storm of Wednesday extended from Texas eastward to Georgia, thence northward to Ohio and westward to Kansas. It is predicted that there will be additional and still more destructive floods in the Mississippi Valley.

GARRARD COUNTY.

—The candidates for county offices are getting thick.

—A telegraph line has been established between the Postoffice and the depot at this place.

—It is said there will be a wedding in this vicinity shortly after Andy Burnside's return from Philadelphia.

—A hard rain has been falling continuously for twelve hours. No fears as to scarcity of stock water this Spring.

—H. C. Kanfman is a candidate for reelection for County Attorney of Garrard county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

—Horse thieves are getting in their work pretty lively in this county, six horses having disappeared from the Paint Lick neighborhood in the last few weeks.

BRYANTSVILLE.

—Here we come again, not from the gentle slopes of Gilbert's Creek, but from the breezy hills of "Lower Garrard."

—While we left the dear people of the Creek with sincere regret, we can but rejoice that our "lines have fallen in each a pleasant place" for we never received more kindly any where than here. Farmers are very busy; the "woodman's cry," the "glow-boy's whistle" and the sound of the pump-handle ring cheerily through the air.

—But notwithstanding we have had a very mild winter, the croakers are still croaking. No feed, wet weather, &c, &c. Well, we suppose some people would not be satisfied in Eden. The Methodist meeting conducted by Revs. Taylor, of Danville, and Peoples, of Lancaster, closed on account of Mr. Taylor being quite sick, sooner than was at first intended. One addition, Mr. Ben Dunn deals out the "tally" behind the counter of Mr. James Bryant.

—The Christians of the Grove Church have employed Mr. Gribbs, of Harrodsburg, to preach to them two Sabbath in a month. Mr. Thompson, of Nicholas, will preach this year for the Baptists of Mt. Hebron, on the 21 Sunday of each month. Mr. Mat Hutchinson and family visited relatives here last week.

—Miss Bettie Doones commenced school at Mt. Hebron, Monday, with about thirty scholars. Mrs. Will Lear and Mrs. Jas. Jones are quite sick. The smallpox scare is over. There has been no case for two months. What next? Suppose brother Barnes has returned to his old love, THE JOURNAL. Praise the Lord.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

—Wednesday, as the North bound freight train was passing Gum Sulphur, Charlie Hutchinson, a brakeman who was standing on top of the cars, slipped and fell on the track between the wheels. Several cars passed over him, severing his body in two places. Death was, of course, instantaneous. His remains were taken to Stanford. Charlie was a Rockcastle county boy and his death will be widely deplored. His mother and brothers have our warmest, tenderest sympathies.

—Owing to a call elsewhere which he cannot neglect, Eld. J. L. Allen will not preach here next Sunday. He will, however, preach here on the third Sunday in this month at 11 o'clock, A. M., and also in the evening. Father F. J. Donnelly, of Richmond, will lecture in the Court-house in this place next Monday at 7 o'clock P. M., subject—"The Church the True Guide." On Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, he will lecture in the School-house at Pine Hill; subject—"The Church and the Bible."

—Wednesday night, thieves made a raid on D. N. Williams' smoke-house, and carried off two hams. It had been some weeks since Mr. W.'s smoke-house was robbed and an idea had gotten abroad that every body in this county was well supplied with meat, though the price kept well up in the market. In effecting their entrance, the thieves made considerable noise which aroused Mr. Williams. He arose quickly, picked up his double-barrel shot gun and sallied valiantly forth. He was unable to see the thieves, but espied a dog which accompanied them. He snapped his gun several times at the dog, but presently discovered that his weapon was not loaded. He then returned to the house and charged the gun. When he emerged again, the dog had vanished. The popular conundrum hereabout is, "Why don't D. N. Williams put a lock on his smoke-house door?" The answer is, "I give it up."

—A crime, so atrocious as to be without a parallel, was committed in this county last Monday night. All black with crimes of the very worst sort has been the history of the county heretofore, but the horror of Monday night has added a page of hellish blackness. About seven miles from this place, and North of here, in the head of a hollow that leads into Roundstone Creek is a little cabin, situated in the woods, wherein have dwelt for the past twelve months, Mary Sigman and her family. Mary has long been widely known as the celebrated courtesan of Upper Roundstone. Her family consisted of her mother, Bettie Sigman, aged about seventy years, and five children—two boys and three girls—whose ages range from fifteen to six years. Mary has, for some months, been enacting, and the arrival of another baby would have been among the events of the next few weeks. Last Monday night the inmates of the little cabin retired to bed as usual. There is only one room in the house and this was made to contain three beds. Mary occupied one bed, her mother and the twin girls slept in another, and the two boys and youngest girl were tucked away in the third bed. Mary was restless, complained of being sick and none of the family slept well. About midnight there came a knock at the door and a voice saying, "open the door." "Who is that?" inquired Mary. "Never mind who it is, open the door," was the answer. "It's Han, Braunman," said old Bettie Sigman,

who doubtless thought she recognized the voice. "Is that you, Han?" said Mary, getting up and opening the door. A man entered holding his hands up before his face. "Who are you and what do you want?" Mary inquired again. "Never mind who I want to see you a minute," answered the man. There was very little light in the room, save that made by a few flickering flames from some stumps in the fire. Mary lighted a lamp. The man blew it out, but not till the older lady and the twins had seen him sufficiently well to be able readily to recognize him afterwards. Mary asked the man to have a chair, and to excuse her for not staying up that she was sick. She returned to her bed. After sitting awhile the man got up and came to Mary's bedside. "I am awful drunk," he said; "what is good for a drunk man?" Mary laughed. "The best thing is to get sober, I reckon," she said lightly. She could not have suspected the man's evil mission. "Get up," said the man; "I want to talk to you." "I can't," said Mary. "I'm sick, I don't know who you are; please go away and let me alone." The man insisted on her getting up. "I want to talk to you a while," he said. At last Mary told him to go to the fire and she would get up. He returned to his chair and the arose and took a seat beside him. The man sat in a stooping position, his face buried in his hands. Directly Mary said: "If you want to say anything to me, say it now, for I am sick and must go back to bed." "Wait," said the man, "until I get a drink." He got up and went towards the door where a bucket of water sat upon a shelf. Just as he reached the door he turned, and pointing a pistol at Mary, fired. She sprang to her feet and rubbed down between the beds shouting: "For God's sake, don't kill me and my little children!" Another shot followed the first in quick succession. The woman dropped to the floor. Death must have been instantaneous. But the assassin continued to fire and the screams of the children and old Bettie Sigman. After emptying his pistol into Mary's body, he went out. In a little while he returned. Old Bettie was standing beside the beds, wringing her hands and uttering cries of anguish, her daughter's corpse lying at her feet. The assassin leveled his pistol again and a bullet sped through old Bettie's brain. She fell across the bed a corpse. Other shots were fired at her and then the fiend turned his weapon again on the lifeless body of Mary. He fired about fifteen shots in all, and then left the house. The frightened children did not stir for a long time. At last the older lady told the others to keep still and he would go and fetch the neighbors. With the first streaks of dawn a large crowd of men and women had gathered at the cabin. The spectacle which met their gaze was horrible beyond record. The door was splattered with blood and strewn with brains. There was blood on the walls and ceiling, blood everywhere. On Mary's body were nine wounds. One ball entered her body behind the shoulders and came out through the right breast. Another passed through the left breast, through the heart, lodging in the back; another passed in at the small of the abdomen; two balls went through the brain. Any one of these five wounds was necessarily fatal. A ball had gone through each wrist; another passed through the right arm, between the elbow and shoulder, and still another had passed through the left breast, making a inch wound. Two wounds on the neck found on old Bettie, both in the head, and either of them fatal. The women prepared the bodies for burial; the men began to make investigations. Just outside the door were found a number of empty cartridges. Some tracks were discovered, one made by a fine boot, with small heel, and a plate on the heels, fastened evidently with large screws or tacks. The older boy, whose name is Jason, and the two girls, Mary and Mary, aged eleven years, told their story of the occurrence. They gave the account which has been here written, with the additional information of a description of the man, and that he was followed into the house by a little dark, brindle dog, which old Bettie had driven out. From the description given by the children, Bob Lear, a neighbor present, recognized the assassin. "His Jim Bishop, a brother of Wat. Bishop, who was killed at Mary's house some years ago," he said. "I saw him Sunday riding behind Sam. Hysinger. They were going to Wm. Hysinger's." A consultation was held and it was decided on to arrest Bishop. Constable James Lear and two other men went to Wm. Hysinger's where they found Bishop at breakfast. He was taken into custody. His pistol was found in a table drawer in the house. It was a Smith & Wesson, double action, No. 38 calibre. Four of the chambers were loaded and one was empty. Into this empty chamber was slipped one of the cartridge bullets picked up before Mary Sigman's door. It fitted exactly. Bishop wore a pair of fox boots, with small heels. On the heels were not just plain, but with large screws or tacks. He was taken by his captors to Mary Sigman's cabin. The children all recognized him as the man who had killed their mother. This, before they knew he had been arrested. He was brought to town, taken before Judge McCune, and his trial fixed for to-day (Friday). About the time he reached town, Wm. Hysinger (Bishop's cousin), and A. S. Henderson (Hysinger's brother-in-law), came in and said that they would swear that Bishop stayed at Wm. Hysinger's the night before that Henderson and his wife also stayed there and Henderson and Bishop stayed together. This speedy indication of Bishop had an effect contrary to what was expected. Later in the day a warrant was issued for Hysinger and Henderson, charging them as accomplices of Bishop in the murder. A Coroner's inquest was held over the dead bodies of Bettie and Mary Sigman. The testimony of the children and that of Drs. McKee and Brown was heard and the verdict of the jury was that they came to their death at the hands of James Bishop. The tracks of three persons were found leading from the house where Wm. Hysinger's house to Mary Sigman's cabin and back again. Wm. Hysinger has a little dog which answers very well the description of the dog at Mary's cabin the night of the murder. There are other circumstances that point towards the guilt of the terrible accused. A full and fair investigation will be had and if they are innocent they will be vindicated; if guilty they will be punished, no doubt, as they deserve. It will be remembered that in May or June, 1880, Wm. Bishop and Adam Hysinger were killed at Mary Sigman's one night, by Ab. Fish. The Hysingers have ever been unrelenting in their hatred of Fish and Mary Sigman. 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Story of a Monument.

She was a handsome and vently young widow, and had but just lost her husband. Full of grief over the loss of her beloved one, she sought a dealer in monuments, a friend of her dear departed.

Seeing the sympathetic face of her husband's friend, she greeted him, sobbing: "You have heard it, then; George is gone."

Yes, he had heard of it. "I want to get a monument, the finest and most imposing monument that you can make. I don't care for the expense. You have them costing ten thousand dollars, have you not?" she ventured.

Oh, yes, he could build a splendid monument for that. He would prepare a design and submit it to her. "You will have it ready soon, will you not?" she pleaded. "This evening!"

"No, not this evening," he replied, but he would hurry it up as fast as possible and bring it to her residence. And so it was settled, and she went away very grateful for the ready sympathy, and anxiously expectant for the design.

Then the monument man got out an old design and had it transferred to a clean piece of paper and in fifteen minutes was ready for the widow, but of course it wouldn't do to show up for a week or two. The long days dragged out their weary length finally, and the marble man, assuming an appropriately funeral countenance, sought out the widow and submitted his work. He found her somewhat more reconciled to her loss and a little inclined to be critical, but on the whole she was pleased with her design.

"But," she said, "I have been talking over the matter with my sister, and she thinks five thousand dollars ought to buy a very nice monument. Couldn't you make one like that for five thousand?"

"No," said he, "but I can build quite a handsome monument for five thousand. Shall I make a design of one for that figure?"

"Yes, I wish you would, please, and I will come to your office and examine it in a week or two."

"I can make some alterations in this plan, and have it ready very soon," he urged. "Indeed, I could bring it around to-morrow just as well as not."

"Oh, no; I won't trouble you to do so. There is no particular hurry about it, and I will call upon you; it's my turn, you know," and she smiled graciously upon him as she bowed him out.

Well, what was a poor monument man to do? He could only wait, and he did wait, buying himself meanwhile getting up elaborate and really beautiful designs. One day he met the lady on the street, dressed in the most apology for half mourning. He bowed obsequiously and informed her that the design was finished, and he thought would not fail to be perfectly satisfactory.

"Oh," she said, "I have been so busy, don't you know, with one thing and another, that I had forgotten all about it. Let me see, how much was that to cost?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Oh, dear, I really can't afford to pay that much. Now couldn't you, this very bewitchingly, 'make a very nice monument for about five hundred dollars? I know you can, and I will come around and see you about it real soon; good bye."

The monument man went to his office and told his grief to a three-legged hound and a stone angel.

Some time after this the charming widow with a male friend whom she called "Charley," dropped in again.

"Do you know," she said, "I feel so ashamed to think that I ever came around to look at your pretty designs. Charley and I have concluded that those great, costly ornaments are so foolish, after one's dead, you know. We think it's wicked, don't we, Charley?" Charley allowed that it was.

"But," she continued, "those little white boards, such as they put at the soldier's graves, Charley and I think are very nice. So neat and unpretentious. Couldn't you make one of them for me, and put George's monogram on it? His initials make such a pretty monogram."

Then the monument man's cup was full, and he spilled over on them. He told her that Charley could get an old shingle and tack one of George's business cards on it.

Then she called him "a horrid beast," and Charley said he would "lick the stuff" out of him for half a cent, and they sailed off. (Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Cases in Which Proverbs Proved Untrue. While the prisoners in the Austin jail were out in the yard a few days ago, two of them who were under sentence to the penitentiary, were heard comparing notes about as follows:

"I don't believe in proverbs," said prisoner No. 1; "it is believing in proverbs that brings me here."

"How so?" said No. 2.

"Well, you see, when I was a boy, I often seen folks pick up pins, and when I asked them why they did it they said:

"If you see a pin and let it lay, you will have bad luck all the day."

"Yes, that's so. I've heard that myself."

"Well, I don't work. I have picked up a pin and I have had bad luck ever since. I was arrested the very same day and now I have got to go to the penitentiary for three years."

"What has that to do with picking up pins?" asked No. 2.

"Well, you see the pin I picked up was a diamond pin worth \$150. I believed in the proverb about having good luck if I picked up the pin in a show case, but they telephoned for the police, and here I am," and he winked at the jailer.

The other prisoner thought for a moment and then he said:

"When I come to think of it, proverbs are what have brought me to this fix."

"How so?" asked the same man who had picked up the pin for good luck.

"Well, I had heard about horse-shoes bringing good luck, so I picked up horse-shoes. Horse-shoes were my weakness."

"Then horse-shoes you went off with were fastened on to another fellow's horse, weren't they?" queried No. 1.

"Yes, so."

"When I get out I'm not going to tamper with any more proverbs," remarked No. 2.

"Me neither," responded No. 1.

"Full in boys," says the jailer, and they went back to their cosy retreats on the inside of the jail. (Texas Siftings.

Sale of the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

This property has again been sold—this time by the Alleghany Coal and Iron Company to Mr. H. C. Carson, for \$55,000 cash. This property has had an eventful history. The first owner on record was Thomas Jefferson, and he made frequent visits to the place, prizing it highly—in one of his letters recently discovered placing its value at \$30,000, and saying that people would cross the sea to visit it.

It has been sold repeatedly at \$15,000 to \$40,000, at which price it was reported at one time sold to J. W. Garrett, Esq., when the Valley Railroad was located near it. About a year ago it was sold by the Harman estate to the purchaser for about \$15,000, and by him immediately sold to the Alleghany Coal and Iron Company for \$20,000. The recent purchase carries the improvements that were put upon it the last season. The object of the purchaser is to organize a new company, to be called the Natural Bridge Forest Company, to insure more extensive improvements. The property contains nearly 1,200 acres, a large part of which is original forest. It lies in the great circle of hills lifted 600 feet above the valley and 1,400 feet above the sea. From the highest point there is a view of the Blue Ridge for seventy miles, and the place will form a shaded and breezy summer resort, convenient to Lynchburg and Richmond, Danville and New York. (Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Mr. John D. Cunningham, jr., drives leisurely around his gigantic peach orchard of 50,000 bearing trees near Griffin, Ga., observes with satisfaction that the buds are not too precocious, and complacently remarks: "I reckon this is my year." He says that this is the biggest peach orchard in the world, but lest some jealous grower should presume to dispute the assertion, he intends to set out two hundred more acres next fall. "This is the only region in the world," adds Mr. Cunningham, "where a perfect peach can be raised."

The horse is capable of exerting a stress of only sixty-seven per cent. of his own weight in his daily work. The ox about seventy; the mule seventy-five; the ass eighty; the goat can draw more than his own weight; the lion has been known to draw a slain ox a considerable distance. A fox gallops away with the largest goose at a rapid pace. Monkeys are wonderfully strong for their size. A turtle has been known to move with a man standing on his back six times its weight.

It is Senator Walton, and not Representative Walton, who is the author of the bill to do away with the office of School Commissioner. Senator Walton is a man of sound sense, and says he can save the sum of \$33,000 annually to the school fund and not injure it a particle if this bill be passed. (Lex. Com.

The Unbeliever Who Took No Stock in the "Bath of Glory Yarn."

Not long ago a new convert to Mormonism, who had only been three years in the church and never quite knew whether he wished to continue or not, called on a prominent bishop and said he had some peculiar business he wished to talk on.

"Bishop," said he, "you know I have just come back from a missionary trip. I was gone two years, and when I got back to Neph last week, I found a baby in the family. My wife said the angel of the Lord had appeared to her several months ago and prophesied the birth. She said a bright light broke over the room and everything was bathed in glory for several minutes before the spirit appeared. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Well," said the bishop, "nothing is impossible with our sublime religion. I take this to be a signal from heaven that Cannon will be seated in Congress."

"Yes? Well, I took it somehow to mean that old Bishop—was there at the house a good deal."

"The bishops are supposed to take care of the flock when the missionaries are abroad."

"Bishop, I've been thinking the matter over considerably and I guess I don't want any more of the Celestial rackets. I guess you can strike my name off the books."

A week later the man was called before the High Council and formally expelled.

"All right," said he, as he went out of the door.

"I don't take a darned bit of stock in that angel visit or bath of glory yarn." (Salt Lake Tribune.

Beautiful Spring.

It is here already, before there has been any winter to speak of, and it came in with a bluster and drizzle suggesting that now, at least, there is to be no soft nonsense about the weather. As the poets say so, Spring is beautiful, of course, but no one would imagine it from the majority of the weather that drops upon us or enters our nostrils.

A gentleman just returned from Canada tells the following story: "A day or so ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, looking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cowcatcher. A minute later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and stopped the engine. On going back to where the dog was killed, it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child, had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from the neighboring house, followed by the dog, and it is supposed that the child lay down on the track and fell asleep." (New York Sun.

The Globe Democrat learns that the Government has accepted a rope and cap tendered by certain gentlemen of St. Louis, for the purpose of hanging Giteau. "The cap, which is of the finest material, was made especially for Giteau by Gumbert. The rope, which is three-fourths of an inch in diameter and of the best workmanship, was made by Bob Humphreys, having for its special object the encircling of Giteau's neck. Bob has made all the ropes that have ashered out of existence all St. Louis' murderers in the last decade."

It is related that when the Legislature Committee on Charities, &c., visited the Taunton Asylum recently one of the patients exhibited an automatic toy of his invention, in which a prostrate wooden man was receiving a severe kicking and thumping by others. "Don't you think it rather severe on that poor fellow to be mauled and kicked in that way?" asked a legislator. "Oh, no," was the reply; "you can't hurt him—he's insane." (Boston Journal.

To make good butter in Winter it is essential that the cream should not stand too long before being churned. The temperature of the cream when placed in the churn should not be lower than 60° nor higher than 62°. Sixty degrees, when the churn is warmed by hot water in the winter or cooled in summer, is the proper temperature, and the result will be satisfactory.

The seeds of golden millet form an excellent grain for feeding chickens during the first three weeks of their lives. Very small chicks need very small seeds, as is shown by their constant search for the minute seeds of grass. Nature is the best teacher. Small whole seeds is the best provision in the grain line for young birds.

A lecturer was once in a dilemma which he will probably never forget. While talking about art, he ventured the assertion: "Art can never improve nature." At that moment some one in the audience cried out in a gruff voice: "Can't eh? Well, then, how do you think you would look without your wig?"

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Laughed Out of a Duel.

Wit can be put to no better use than turning threatened tragedy into comedy.

Judge Thatcher, a member of the United States Congress in its early days, was once challenged to a duel by an angry opponent in debate, and refused to accept. When the hearer of the challenge asked him if he chose to be branded as a "coward," "Yes, sir," said he, promptly; "I was always a coward, and he knew it, or he wouldn't have challenged me."

The general laughter when the reply got out, of course spoiled the duel—and it completely cured the fighting man's wrath, too.

It is said of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, he laughed himself out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember, he said, when they threatened that if he didn't fight, his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus' dance.

His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

"Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

Then there was a laugh all round, and the duel was put off without a day. (Atlanta Constitution.

Dying With His Charge.

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